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PUCK
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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

THERE has been such discord in legislative Washington that one rejoices at the sight of an occasional bit of team work. We feel not a little proud of the fact that we have discovered this admirable quality in the tariff tussle. There seems to have been an excellent understanding between Mr. Payne in the House and Mr. Aldrich in the Senate, similar to that existing between a manager on the bench and a player at the bat. Mr. Payne lowered some schedules and boosted others in the House bill. Mr. Aldrich, in the Senate, boosts those which Mr. Payne lowered, and lowers those which Mr. Payne boosted. It is a pretty game. To

Mr. Aldrich the Dingley schedules represent rock bottom. There is nothing lower. Thus, in actual operation, when Mr. Aldrich knocks down to the Dingley level a duty which the ingenious Mr. Payne had previously raised, the Senator from the smallest State in the Union points blandly to his act, and calls it reducing the tariff. Schedules which are raised are raised, of course, above the Dingley level. Schedules which are lowered are first boosted and then put back to where they were before. No game could be neater, and the ultimate consumer may well say to the Trusts: "Boosts you win, reductions I lose."



BWANA-TUMBOED

ABOUT THE ONLY THING IN THE SHOOTING LINE THAT HE HASN'T DONE.

PUCK

SOME STANDARD BRANDS.



IMMORTALITY.

THE TITLE of a recent book which has impressed itself upon us on account of its simplicity is "New Light on Immortality." It is refreshing to learn that even at this late date it is still possible to discover something new about a subject that

many people have all along regarded as being definitely settled.

There are, of course, two schools which deal with the hereafter. One school believes that we shall be about as we are now, dressing in the same clothes and walking about Heaven in the same manner that we do on earth. This might be called the realistic, or Minot Savage school.

The other school believes that we shall float something in the same style as a popular soap. This school might be called "The Gates Ajar," or Elizabeth Stuart Phelps school.

The wing question has been definitely settled. While wings are

conceded, it is generally thought that they are more for ornament than for utility.

There are several obstacles, however, in regard to immortality that need to be cleared away. For example, without consciousness it would not make much difference what happened to us, so far as we

are now concerned, because we wouldn't remember. But if we do remember, can we separate the things that we want to remember from those that cost us pain in the remembering?

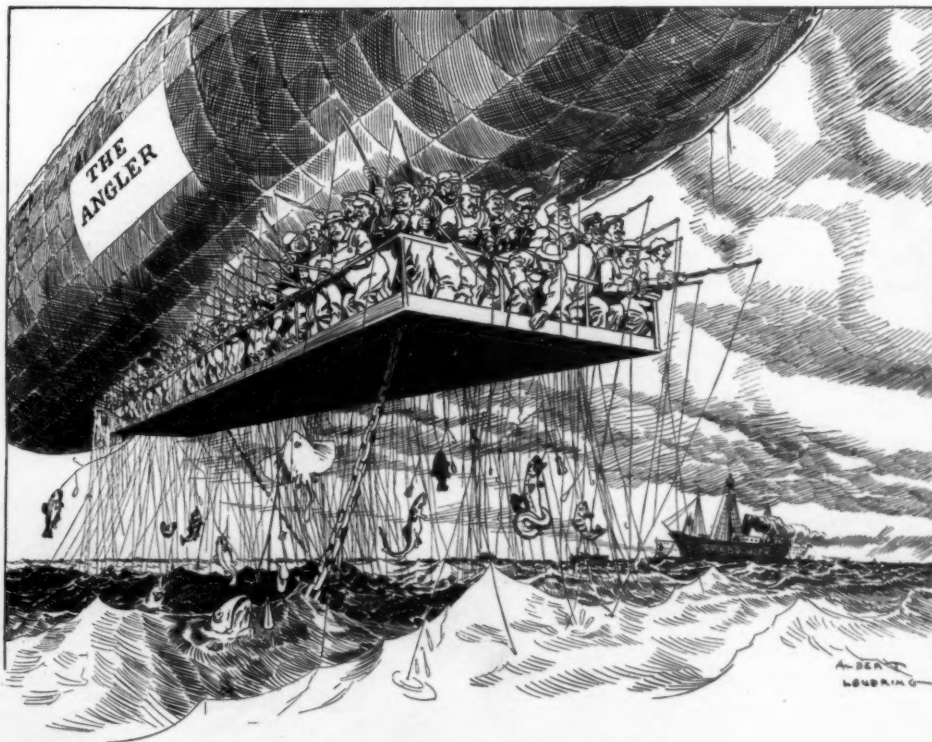
What a pity it would be for Mr. Carnegie to see us all going wrong, and not to be able to do anything about it!

It is true that the thing may work the other way. For example, Ananias may feel overjoyed every time he looks this way.

ODD.

"SHE'S very homely, but does n't seem to realize it."

"Hasn't she any women friends?"



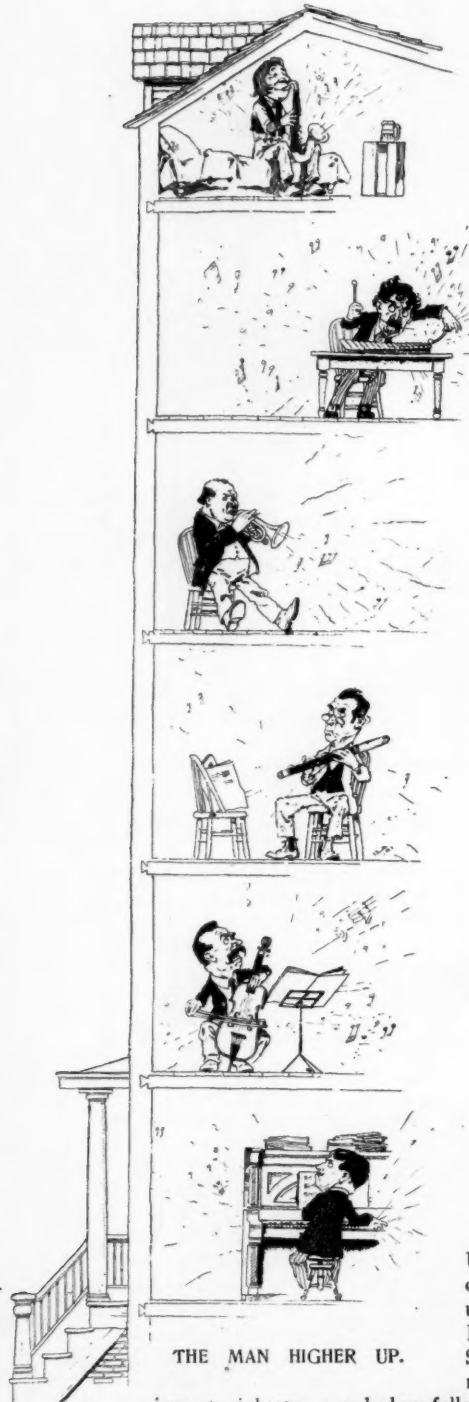
THE AIRSHIP "ANGLER."

FUTURE SCENE ON THE FISHING BANKS

THE AMOURS OF AMETHYST JONES.

VI.

AMETHYST JONES unfolded a sheet of paper bearing the crested seal of the Olive Oil Importing Company, of which he is President, and to us at the club read the following lines:



A mem'ry of lips that were wet
and were red;
An old sweet fancy of days that
are dead.
A redolent perfume that lingers
and thralls;
The sound of a voice that echo-
ing calls!
The odor of hair that was dark
as the night,
A dream that was quick with
passion's delight!
—A breath and a sigh and a
warm breast nigh;
—A mem'ry, I say, of a Time
that I pray
I may never forget!—And lips
red, and wet!

There was a deep silence, as Amethyst finished. "Gentlemen," he presently began, "there is but one memory and one woman of whom I could have written those sentiments. The memory of Anita lingers in my heart a dream so changeless and wonderful that it is one of the most glorious of all my loves. Anita was of the South. There, where the sweet night winds sigh softly and Summer never dies, I met her these many years ago. To persons reared beneath the cold skies of the North among stern-featured women whose hands are cold, whose eyes are calculating and who sometimes faintly dream of Romance, but never know it, it is not given to understand what emotions were born in my soul when Anita bestowed upon me her Love. I was only twenty-six. She was twenty-four. Until we met each other, neither of us had known the Divine Passion. She had made the mistake of marry-

ing, at eighteen, a colorless fellow, who had left her a few years later to go to Ashtabula, Ohio, on a business trip. The very noblest thing he ever did was not to come back. Anita mourned him wisely, perhaps, but not too well. He was reported dead. This gave Anita a chance to live. It was at about this time that I met her, in the pine woods of country South Carolina, one Winter when I was there for my health. I was a well man three days after I met Anita.

"The first time I ever saw her, I knew that Fate was upon me. The first evening we went to walk beneath the Southern stars, and I saw her glorious eyes in the dusky night, while a thousand majestic pine trees slowly swinging in the fragrant night winds sang to us the world-old song—ah, believe me!—our love was like the love of souls that through illimit-

able spaces had sought, and at last had Found. The fragrance of her hair, as I clasped her to me, the life of her lips as they clung to mine, and the sweet cadence of her soft Southern voice as she cried my name, and threw her strong arms in mad ecstasy about me—Who shall know, who shall understand? Only Anita! For in all the world there may not be another quite the same.

"My courtship of Anita was conducted variously. Sometimes beneath the silver stars, when our heedless feet were pressed upon the soft carpet of layers of fragrant pine needles as we wandered, or rested. I have stood beneath a pine tree that rose straight into the night sky, with my arm about Anita's waist, and we two have uttered a prayer to the stars which I believe may properly stand on record as the sweetest and fairest prayer that two human beings ever voiced. Our souls were more in unison than the souls of Angels who chant new-found joy. Ah, those nights with Anita.

"Nor were the balmy, dreamy days less rare, less perfect. Anita's little white cottage where, with an old colored family servant, she had been passing the uninteresting period of her widowhood—uninteresting until I came—was a veritable retreat among the pines. Not alone my evenings belonged to Anita. My days, all my days, were hers. And all hers were mine. I cannot conceive of courtship more wonderful in charm, more perfect without alloy, than those brief Winter days. Brief, because all too soon they fled. And yet,—'A kiss's length is reckoned by its strength.'

"If I should tell you of all the beauty, all the poetic devotion, all the divine transport of the days and the nights that I knew with Anita, my arms about her waist in her little cottage, or my arms about her waist as she looked upward to the silent stars in the glorious firmament—if I should tell you the half of our happiness, I fear you could not believe me. But you shall not be given cause to doubt me.—For I could not tell you. It passeth the mind of man.

"I had not written home that Winter, announcing my engagement to Anita, for father and I were not always completely in accord regarding the importance of affairs of the heart. And he had kindly sent me South on account of my health. It became necessary, however, painful though the thought was, to consider my prospects. Some lucrative business, to which I might devote say an hour or so a day,—Anita, of course, would require the rest of



BILLY'S VISIT—



THE BILLBOARD.—TERROR AND FASCINATION.

PUCK

THE HAPPY GROUCH.

LET US have a grouch together,
I'm completely sick of joy;
Roast the World and knock the
Weather.
Stunning Pleasure's hot polloi;
Kick aside that "Cheer up" motto;
'Gainst "good fellows" bar the door;
Order just a little pot o'
Sour wine, and then — be sore.



Here we're safe from humor hoary,
Optimism's whisky-breath,
And can tell a funny story
Without laughing it to death.
Safe from "happy dispositions,"
Safe from girlish giggle-trills,
Safe from "care-free" souls, whose missions
Are to dodge Life's ills — and bills.



We have seen Earth's champion laughers
Lose their friends, their homes, their hose,
And the Cup-o'-Joy's gay quaffers
Wither 'neath a weight of woes.
Thin enough our money pouches,
Young Hope's banners mostly furled,
But we're still among the grouches
And the workmen of the World!

So get out the axe and hammer,
Hail the smile that won't come on,
Pessimism's soothing glamor
O'er cheap Optimism's "con";
Roast your foe, and knock your debtor,
Put old gladness on the run!
There — I certainly feel better; —
Let's go out and have some fun!

Chester Firkins.

my time — seemed to me to be a requisite and proper procedure, in view of our forthcoming marriage. And so, in the Spring, when all the Southland was a paradise of flowers, and Anita was a paradise of Love, I said farewell to her —

Amethyst Jones's voice died away; he gazed dreamily into the open fireplace, and was lost in abstraction.

We waited in silence for him to go on.

"Gentlemen," he said, at last — and his voice was low, and unspeakably sad in tone — "I never married Anita. No, gentlemen,

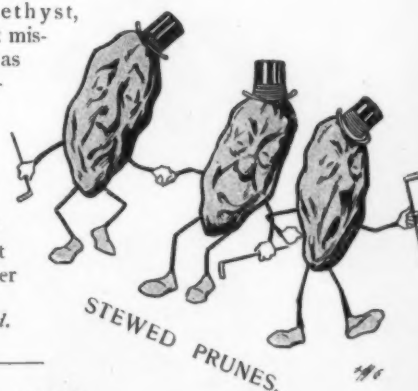
her first marriage proved to be an insurmountable obstacle —" "Good heavens!" we said. "Did the mere fact that she was a widow —"

"Gentlemen," interrupted Amethyst, gently, "she was not a widow. That miserable husband of hers was not dead, as reported, but only in jail, in Ashtabula, Ohio. He got out that Spring, and came home."

"Damnable!" said we.

A smile illumined the face of Amethyst Jones. "Well," he murmured, "I put in a pleasanter Winter than he did."

Fred Ladd.



STEWED PRUNES.

—TO THE CIRCUS.



THE REALITY — SAFETY AND DISAPPOINTMENT.

THAT'S GOOD.

"MY HUSBAND has always been one to encourage those who work for him," remarked Mrs. Pike to her sister.

"You mean he is always ready to give praise where praise is due?"

"Yes, indeed. When one of his men does good work he is quick to say so. Night after night, after he has been late at the office, I hear him murmuring in his sleep: 'That's good! That's good!' And he always reluctantly confesses that he was dreaming about the good work the men are doing at the office. Oh, I'm so glad!"

TED. — I hear he's giving a lecture on "How to Live on Fifteen Cents a Day." Is he doing well with it?

NED. — Fine. I met him in a restaurant after the lecture, and he was eating a \$2 dinner.

PUCK

CONVERSATION IN LOW LIFE.

AS THE FEMININE SHORT-STORY WRITER SEES IT.

"DESCEND from that mast!" The stinging, biting spray with whirl and spume sang in the ears of old Captain Hauze, shouting through his speaking-trumpet.

A howling gale blew the spindrift into the faces of the little band of survivors.

"Is it your opinion that I should descend at once?" shrieked old Ben, the boatswain, from his position on the main truck.

"Yes, curse you! We have need of every individual on deck at the present moment. Make haste and join us!"

The shuffling, cursing crew strained at the pumps while the ship gasped and groaned at every lunge into the hell of waves. Lascar Joe stepped forward, stripped to the waist and looking like a bronze Hercules.

"Captain," he said, "unless I mistake not, the ship is on the verge of a catastrophe. Will it not be preferable to embark in the small boats?"

"No, curse you!" roared the captain. "Return to your labors!"

Night wore on while the straining, gasping, indomitable band continued their heroic exertions. Never was there a more magnificent fight than this of the rude, unlettered heroes against the salt seas. Toward morning the wind began to go down. The ship was saved.

Chain-locker Charley, a raw, ignorant youth of scarce seventeen, stepped forward to the captain.

"Sire," he said, "if I may make so bold as to speak to you, your heroic behavior during this night has saved our lives. In behalf of the crew, I wish to announce three hearty cheers!"

"My boy," said the captain, "permit me to return the compliment with heartfelt gratitude."

The wind was dying down now.

Only the voice of Nigger Jim could be heard from the galley saying: "Come, gentlemen, the morning meal is prepared and waiting."

Horatio Winslow.



PARADISE LOST.

ONE ANGEL.—Why, what's this, brother? Unhappy in Paradise?

THE OTHER (*gloomily*).—Yes, I am! I've told 'em again and again that the only way they can make sure of eternal peace up here is by having a big army and navy, and I can't make a soul of 'em believe me. Satan's building six new *Dreadnoughts* too, I hear.

THE WIND OF ARCADY.



WARM sweet breath is on my face
And, redolent with scents of spring,
It seems to follow every place
And sets the throat a-caroling.
While on it, borne across the leas,
The sound of music comes to me,
Faint, fragrant, fairy melodies—
It is the wind of Arcady!

It blows, and all the grit and grime
Of toil and town, of fight and fray,
Vanish completely for the time,
By wanton breezes swept away,
Until, in all the world about,
Laughter and love are all I see,
It banishes despair and doubt—
The wind, the wind of Arcady!

Open your heart and let it in,
This wind of wonderland and youth,
Where fairy folk and men are kin
And rich romance is simple truth,
We age so fast, we die so soon,
Let us be young while that may be,
And youth trips in with magic shoon
Upon the wind of Arcady!

Berton Braley.

WHY CAN'T WE?

WHEN we see a widower wearing a vacuous smile and an orchid inordinately beyond his means, why can't we be charitable and believe that the death of his wife unseated his reason, rather than that he is on his way to be married again? Or does it come to substantially the same thing either way?

MRS. KNICKER.—Do you let Bridget eat with the family?

MRS. BOCKER.—Yes; it's much cheaper than to have her eat with the policeman.



THE FUNERAL JAPE REACHES NIPPON.

OFFICE BOY (*to his employer*).—Honorable sir, unworthy office-boy requests exalted permission this afternoon to attend funeral of honorable grandmother.

—From the *Fujiyama Beacon*.

THE GODDESS OF LIBERTY.



"HAT," said the Chance Acquaintance on their way back from Coney Island, "is the Goddess of Liberty."

"Does she function?" inquired the Man from Mars, as he gazed at the imposing statue.

"She certainly does!" enthusiastically exclaimed the Chance Acquaintance, who happened to be an educated person.

"In what way?" pursued the Man from Mars. "She enlightens the world," responded the other.

"Pretty small beacon, methinks," observed the Man from Mars.

"Not literally. Not literally, but figuratively, emblematic, you know. Simply emblematic. We have the same figure on our coins."

"Some famous woman of the past, I presume?"

"Oh, no."

"Of the present, then?"

"Oh, not at all, not at all. You don't understand. She is purely imaginary."

"An idol, then. But I understood that your people had given up idolatry."

"No, not an idol. Rather an ideal."

"Oh, then she is a woman of the future, a superwoman, perhaps?"

"Say, I think you're stringing me," said the Chance Acquaintance, looking at the other quizzically.

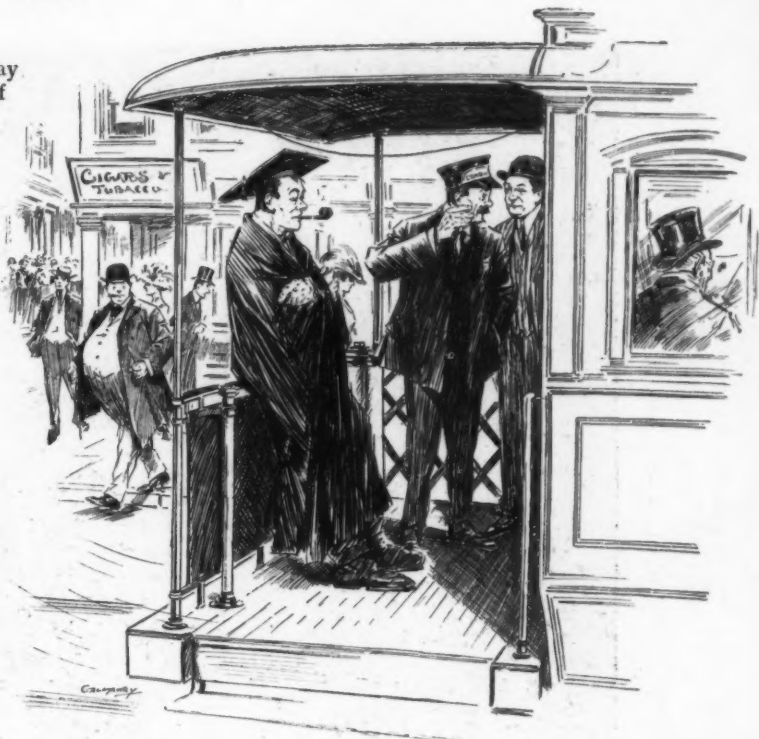
"Has the Goddess of Liberty made any notable achievements?" continued the Man from Mars, imperturbably.

"Rats," politely retorted the Chance Acquaintance.

"Which is some kind of hair, is it not?" called the Man from Mars as the other went below.

Ellis O. Jones.

BREAKFAST TABLE: Something recently discovered by Congress, but which has been in vogue with consumers for several years.



CANDIDATE FOR A DEGREE.

CURIOUS CITIZEN.—Say, who's the gent?

CONDUCTOR.—Sh-h-h, he just told me. He's a senior in a Correspondence School of Bricklaying and Plastering.



TURKEY'S STRUGGLE FOR INDEPENDENCE.

GEORGE HAMID CROSSING THE BOSPHORUS.



THE PUNCH PRESS

THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM.

"THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM," BY EDGAR ALLAN POE, TELLS OF A VICTIM OF THE SPANISH INQUISITION DOOMED TO WATCH A KNIFE-LIKE PENDULUM
THAT SWUNG NEARER AND NEARER TO HIS HEART.

PUCK

PUCK

A SARCASTIC JURIST.

ONCE UPON a Time, there was a Judge who was as mean in his Mind as a Wart-hog is in Looks. He had had so much Experience with the Sand-papery side of Human Nature that he hated Everything, and his Utterances were full of Sarcasm and Bile. It is Superfluous to add that His Honor was a Bachelor. Upon a certain Occasion, the Club Women of that Community, who were always engaged in a Death Struggle with some Tremendous Question, went in a Body to the cross-grained Judge and demanded that, as only a Woman could understand the motives and heart-wallops of a Woman, women should thereafter be tried by Juries of their Sex. All this was Apples and Peanut Candy to the Judicial Crab, and he sagged back in his Chair and answered that, while their Plan sounded nice in Theory, in Actual Practice it would not work any more than a Rabbit.

"For instance," said he, "in a Case, soon to come before a Court not many Miles from here, wherein a plump Widow is suing a Manufacturer of Bathtubs, whom she has never seen, for large Damages, alleging that she slipped up, or down, in a Tub of his make and injured her Knee so severely that it remains swollen and painful to this Day, a Woman Jury, owing to certain Limitations of the Feminine Mind, could not render Justice, or what passes for it in Cases of this Kind, by reason of the Fact that the Fair Plaintiff will blushing acquiesce in the Jury's Desire to gaze upon the injured Knee and compare it with the Other, after which of a certainty—for, while even Solomon in all his Glory could not under ordinary Circumstances prognosticate which way a Jury will jump, even the most foolish can say what they will do in a Crisis like this—they will grant the Widow's plea and soak the nefarious Bathtub Man a great Plenty, for the sufficient Reason that she is a pretty Woman, while he is a Man and has the Money; while, on the other Hand, a Woman Jury would only pick flaws in the Widow's best Hosiery, and let the guilty

Maker of Slippery Tubs go unscotched. Thus, Justice, as administered in these enlightened Days, would be set at Naught. And, as an Afterthought, I may add that a Woman Jury would be illegal, anyhow."

Thereat, the Brainy Ladies departed, telling one another, in Tones of Conviction, that, even though the old Judge was correct in his Contention, his Whiskers were hideously Unbecoming.

Tom P. Morgan.

A RURAL REBATE.

"LOOKEE here, Hen!" said old Amaziah Todhunter to Henry Sipes, keeper of the village grocery. "I don't think I got a square deal on that package o' oatmeal I got here last week."

"Did n't, 't?" said Henry, scenting trouble. "What was wrong about it?"

"Well, Hen, come to use the oatmeal, we found that a full fifth of it at the bottom o' the package had



PURE FOOD.

(Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act of June 30, 1906.)

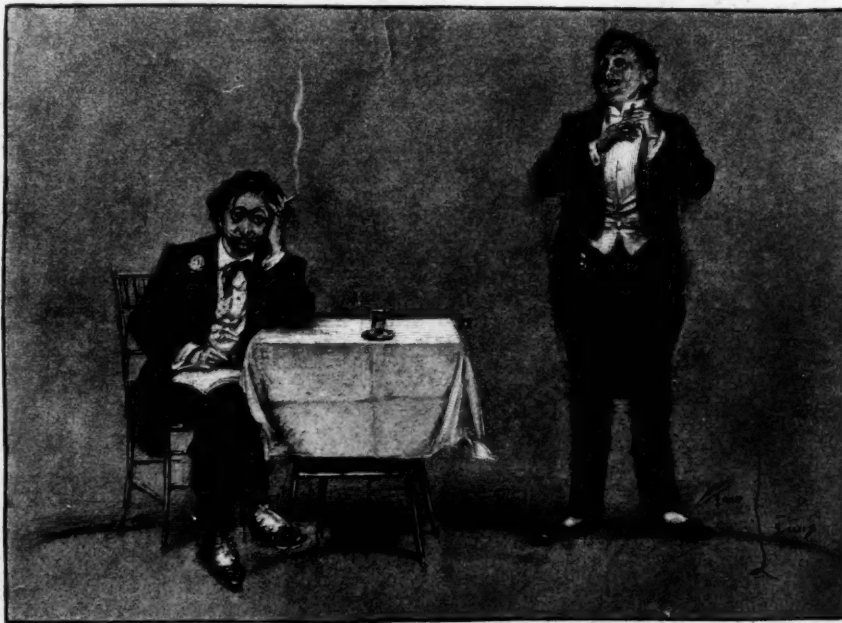
sort o' molded so we could n't use it, an' had to throw it away. Seems like I ought to git some sort of a rebate on it."

"Well, of course I want to do what's right by all my customers. Lemme see: you paid me nine cents for the oatmeal, and you used, you say, all but about one-fifth of it—one-fifth of it. Lemme see: one-fifth of nine would be—where's my pencil? I never could

do sums in fractions in my head. Now let's figger this thing out. Five into nine once an' four-fifths over. A little short o' two cents. What did you do with the moldy part of the oatmeal?" "I give it to the chickens."

"Then it wasn't altogether lost. Let's see. Say it was wuth a third of a cent to the chickens; that would leave—. Tell you what I'll do, Amaziah. You give me a cent an' I'll give you a yeastcake. Won't that be about right?"

"I reckon that's about as nigh as we can come to it, although it comes to a little more than a cent. Still, I'll give you a cent an' call it square if you give me a yeastcake. I was sure you would be willing to make a rebate o' some kind!"



LIQUID MELODY.

BEEKMAN—How long does a man have to wait for inspiration?
RHYMELY.—It depends on the waiter.

A good conversationalist will aim to understand his subject so well that he may avoid the fatal error of saying all there is to be said about it.

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The
JOHN F. M.



MR. DICKSON
of his cu
pecting Mr.
"I believe
ustomer.

THE LATE PETER F. COLLIER

Founder and head of Collier's Weekly and the great publishing house which bears his name was a firm believer in Life Insurance.

His Confidence in

The Prudential

was shown by his voluntary and unsolicited selection of this Company.

The following letter from his son and executor, Mr. Robert J. Collier, shows the wisdom of his choice:

Office of Collier's Weekly,
New York, May 4, 1909.

Hon. John F. Dryden, President,
The Prudential Ins. Co. of America,
Newark, N. J.

My Dear Sir:

Permit me to thank you, and through you The Prudential Insurance Company of America, for the very prompt receipt of checks for \$50,000 in full cash settlement of claim on the life of my father, Peter Fenelon Collier, who demonstrated his belief in Life Insurance in The Prudential by carrying policies in your Company for several years.

Proofs were completed and checks delivered the same day and your Company did everything possible to effect a quick payment of claim.

Assuring you of my appreciation,

I remain

Yours very truly,

Robert J. Collier

The Prudential pays claims small or large immediately upon the receipt of satisfactory proofs of death.

Total Payments to Policyholders Since Organization, Plus Amount Held at Interest to Their Credit, Over 313 Million Dollars!



The Prudential Insurance Company of America

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President

Write for information of New Low Cost Policy. Dept. 81.

Home Office, Newark, N. J.

THE TITLED MUSE.

LIKE the names that poets choose

For little books of song.

"Star-Glow and Dream," — "Dawn Light and Dews,"

"Daisies and Dusk," — "Morn Mist and Muse,"

Are beautifully strong.

But when I "ope" the covers pink

It sometimes seems to me

"Love-Gush and Lush," — "Drivel and Ink,"

"Pretzels and Beer," — "Coke Dreams and Drink,"

Would better titles be.

Chester Firkins.

BRUDDER DICKSON.

MR. DICKSON, a colored barber in a New England town, was shaving one of his customers one evening, when the following conversation occurred respecting Mr. Dickson's connection with a colored church in the place.

"I believe you are a member of the church in Elm Street," said the customer.

"No, sah, not at all."
"Why, are you not a member of the African church?"

"Not dis year, sah."

"Why did you leave?"

"Well, I 'll tell yo', sah," said Mr. Dickson, "it was jus' like dis: I joined dat ar church in good faith; I gib ten dollar to de preachin' uv de gospel an' de people call me 'Brudder Dickson.' De second year I only gib five dollar, 'n de church people call me 'Mr. Dickson.' Well, sah, de third year I gibs nothing tode de preachin, 'n after dat dey jes' call me 'ol' Nigger Dickson,' an' I quit 'em."

SOME people can never be depended upon to patch up a quarrel because they are too busy looking for a needle in a haystack.



UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIAL.

THE SNAIL. — These portable houses are a big convenience.

PROSPERITY.



PROSPERITY in itself is far less theatrial than a gay hustle for breakfast. To the man who is encumbered with Prosperity it is of small account save as a deadening agent. Observe the nonchalant air, the bored deportment, and the aimless shuffle of the well-groomed, well-fed person who is Prosperous. Prosperity is of value mainly because it cheers up one's friends. To these it brings vivacity and mirth. Friends who have been downcast (when one has seen them) for years, and years, and years, are seen to chirk up and crowd about in an amiable throng when one is stricken with Prosperity. None so poor, so forlorn, as not to grasp the hand, joke the jest, and drink the merry toast to the very good health of the victim of Prosperity. It is indeed grateful, comforting, inspiring to note the vastly improved appearance of one's friends in a crisis like this. They smile, they are fond, they are interested; they bow sweepingly when one meets them on the street, as who should say, "Ah, ha! Is not this our Friend, our Noble, much-beloved Friend; our Friend in whom we Rejoice to the Uttermost?" Yea, it is even so.

Prosperity, then, should be assiduously cultivated by all merciful men who love to see their friends, and love to see their Friends happy. How gross and unfeeling to hurt the fine feelings of those Friends who are despondent when one is Broke! How petty to allow one's friends ceaselessly to suffer when merely by becoming Prosperous one may bring the very light of joy to the dear features of one's friends!

Prosperity is a duty. Not so much to oneself as to one's cohorts of Friends. It is to Laugh. And should not one hand the Laugh to one's friends? The clear eye, the firm handshake, the quick and joyous gait; the exuberant salutation, the humorous impulse, the brilliant repartee, the glorious welcome! Shall not one for the sake of one's friends make all these possible? Shall not one, for the accomplishment of these things, gallantly resolve to attain, to endure, and even to enjoy, Prosperity?

Oh, ho! for the laugh, the grip, the radiant smile, the ready jest, the pretty, pretty wit that revolve about Prosperity!

Fred Ladd.

WHERE ROMANCE BEGINS.

THE PRESS representative of the publishing house was in conference with Mr. Quill, whose first book, "Love Calleth to All," was to be out in a few days.

"Now, we must have a few facts about your life, Mr. Quill," explained the publicity getter, "to send out to the newspapers. This is not a case of modesty, but one of business, so you will pardon my questions. Have you a hobby?"

"No, sir."

"Very good. I shall put it down that you make a specialty of collecting airship rudders. All authors must have hobbies, you know. Have you ever traveled?"

"No, sir, except when I went to Niagara on my wedding-tour."

"Excellent. I shall say that although you have spent one season in Africa, two winters in Vienna, and a year in Paris, you like Colorado best of all. That gets you nearer your readers. Have you any eccentricities?"

"Not that I know of," answered Mr. Quill.

"You should have; all well-regulated authors have. From now on you shall wear evening clothes at breakfast. That can be easily expanded into anecdotes. Have you any peculiar way in which you do your writing?"

"I think not. I use a typewriter."

"Too commonplace. The bulletins will announce that you do all your writing in a little cottage on the seashore with the waves always lapping under it; that you always use a pale yellow ink on a bright pink pad, and that your best work is done with a black cat lying in your lap. That ought to be quoted far and wide. I believe that it would be a good idea for you to subscribe to a clipping bureau. Well, good-day, and let's both get up some more good ideas for the next time."

And the author went away in a brown study.

Homer Croy.

SONGS THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

A DAY IN JUNE. BY J. R. L.

WHAT IS so rare as a day in June?

Those are the days worth while.

Those are the days when the trolleys hum,

Speeding to Coney Isle.

Those are the days when each boy and girl

Sits on the deck to spoon.

He's square as a

Dollar. She's fair as a

Rose. What's so rare as a

Day in June?

P. L. Allen.


A CAROLINA EPICURE.

GEORGE WASHINGTON CRACKER.—What did yo' all hev for dinneh?

HENRY CLAY BANKS.—Pigeon pot-pie.

GEORGE WASHINGTON CRACKER.—Sho! Where'd yo' git the birds?

HENRY CLAY BANKS.—A lot o' No'the'n gentlemen hed a shootin' match and left a hull lot o' clay pigeons.


PHILIP MORRIS
 ORIGINAL LONDON
CIGARETTES
 All good people like them. Nearly all good people smoke them
 In Little Brown Boxes
 CAMBRIDGE the regular size AMBASSADOR after-dinner size

TEACHER.—What is the highest form of animal life!
 SCHOOLBOY.—The giraffe!—
Universalist Leader.

GOUT & RHEUMATISM
 USE THE
GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY
BLAIR'S PILLS
 SAFE, SURE, EFFECTIVE. 50c & \$1
 DRUGGISTS.
 OR 93 HENRY ST. BROOKLYN, N.Y.



Club Cocktails

A Bottled Delight



The convenience of simply having to pour CLUB COCKTAILS over ice, makes them the ideal drink to serve at home or on an outing. No need of collecting several bottles of ingredients—no fuss over mixing. CLUB COCKTAILS are mixed to measure—the best cocktail possible—always ready for use.

Martini (gin base) Manhattan (whiskey base) are always popular. Get a bottle from your dealer.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.

Hartford

New York

London

TWO SIDES OF IT.

"Well," said Cassidy, "it's too bad that none av us kin iver be as good as some people think we sh'ud be."

"Aye!" replied Cassidy; "but 'tis consolin' to think that none av us kin iver be as bad as some people think we are."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*



Established 1810

OLD OVERHOLT RYE

Bottled in Bond, it goes direct, in its natural condition, to the consumer in bottles sealed with U. S. Government stamps. Not less than four years old and 100 proof when bottled, there is nothing quite so good as OLD OVERHOLT RYE.

A. OVERHOLT & CO.
 PITTSBURGH, PA.

JUST CALLERS.

"You don't have many visitors out here," said Citiman, "do you?"

"Oh! yes," replied Subbubs, "coming and going nearly every day."

"Mostly women, I suppose?"

"Yes; servant girls!"—*The Catholic Standard and Times.*

WESTON, Ocean-to-Ocean Walker,

Said recently: "When you feel down and out, feel there is no use living, just take your bad thoughts with you and walk them off. Before you have walked a mile things will look rosier. Just try it." Have you noticed the increase in walking of late in every community? Many attribute it to the comfort which Allen's Foot-Ease, the anti-septic powder to be shaken into the shoes, gives to the millions now using it. As Weston has said, "It has real merit."

A DELIGHTFUL BEVERAGE



Miller's

HIGH LIFE

Milwaukee's Leading Bottled

BEER

IT'S BOUND TO PLEASE YOU
MILLER BREWING CO. MILWAUKEE



RULES AT FUNNIMAN'S HOTEL.

Guests are requested not to speak to the dumb waiter.

If the room gets too hot, open the window and see the fire escape.

Don't worry about paying your bill; the house is supported by its foundation.

Guests wishing to do a little driving will find hammer and nails in the cupboard.

Guests wishing to get up without being called can have self-raising flour for supper.

If you're fond of athletics and like good jumping, lift the mattress and see the bed spring.

If your gas goes out, take a feather out of the pillow; that's light enough for any room.—*Tit-Bits*.

HARD TO UNDERSTAND.

"What's Johnny been doing?" asked the patient father.

"He had an altercation with the neighbors' children, was warned by the police, broke the cellar window, tried to put a cartridge in the furnace—that's all I can think of just now."

"It's absolutely marvelous, isn't it?"

"What is?"

"That anybody should have the nerve to kidnap a small boy."—*Washington Star*.

SHE.—What do you think of Mabel?

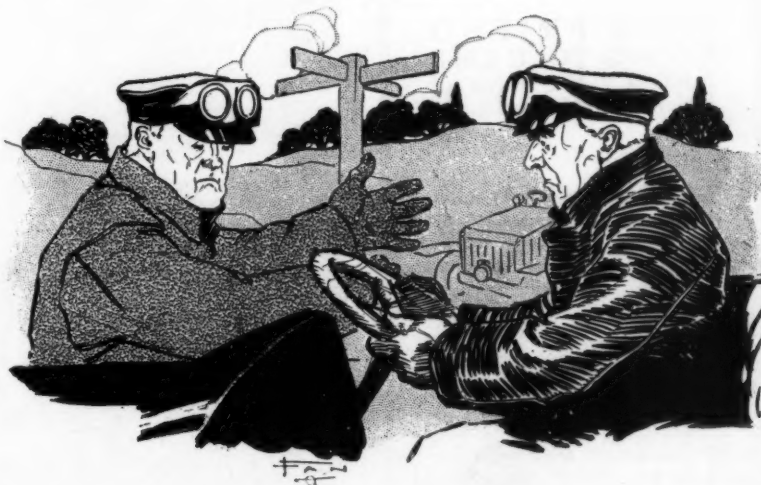
HE.—Well, I think she's a nice girl, awfully well-meaning, and all that sort of thing.

SHE.—I don't like her either.—*Columbia Jester*.

NATURAL THOUGHT.

REDD.—This paper says there is on exhibition in Saco the largest lobster that has been landed in those parts for years, if ever.

GREENE.—Does it give the name of the lady who landed him?—*Yonkers Statesman*.



JUST BETWEEN CHAUFFEURS.

CHUGGER.—You know Speedgear, don't you? What d' you think of him?

WHIZBY.—He's a four-flusher, that's what he is. He never kills anything bigger than a chicken.

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best.

"I want a piece of meat without any bone, fat, or gristle," said the bride on her first marketing trip.

"Yes, madam," replied the butcher. "I would suggest that you take an egg."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

WHAT WAS DONE TO GEORGE.

The head of a big firm of contractors was walking round the premises, and stopped to converse with old George, a stableman.

"Well, George, how goes it?" he said.

"Fair to middlin' sir," George answered. "Fair to middlin'." And he continued to rub down a bay horse, while the other looked on in silence. "Me and this 'ere hoss," George said, suddenly, "has worked for you sixteen year."

"Well, well," said the boss, thinking a little guiltily of George's very low wage. "And I suppose you are both pretty highly valued, George, eh?"

"H'm!" said George. "Both of us was took ill last week, and they got a doctor for the hoss, but they just docked my pay!"—*Tit-Bits*.

FOR TWO.

"For two years after I was married I was ashamed to meet the preacher who united my wife and me in the holy bonds. You see, in my excited condition, I made a blunder and gave him a five-dollar bill instead of twenty dollars, which I intended to hand him. I suppose he thought I was a cheap skate, but I could n't very well explain it without making myself ridiculous, or causing him to suspect that I was lying about it."

"You say you felt that way for two years?"

"Yes. After that I began to be sorry I had given him anything!"—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

BLATZ BEER

MILWAUKEE

The Label



The Voice of the People:

"Just the finest and most delightfully satisfying beer I've ever tasted."

Always the Same Good Old Blatz.

Order a case To-day

Ask for it at the Club, Cafe or Buffet Insist on "Blatz."

Correspondence invited direct.

VAL. BLATZ BREWING CO. MILWAUKEE

THOSE WOMEN!

They were slight acquaintances, and there was no love lost between them.

"Well," said the first "grande dame," "bye-bye. I must really be getting on. I have to make a call on my mother."

The second put up her lorgnette and drawled:

"Really—ah—you don't mean to say you have a mother living?"

The first "grande dame" laughed—a high, thin laugh, with something biting, like acid, in it.

"Oh, yes," she retorted on the one who had tried to take her down, "my mother is still alive, and she doesn't look a day older than you do, I assure you."—*Tit-Bits*.

"WHAT are the Christian names of that young couple next door?"

"We won't be able to find out till next week. They've just been married and he calls her Birdie and she calls him Pettie."—*Cleveland Leader*.

The Best Bitter Liqueur

Underberg

The World's Best Bitters

Nothing so surely pleases the epicure, nor so quickly recuperates the invalid.

Sold Everywhere

LUTYIES BROTHERS, U. S. Agents, New York.

HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS
PAPER WAREHOUSE,

32, 34 and 36 Bleecker Street,
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 30 Bookman Street, NEW YORK
All kinds of Paper made to order

PERFECT CONFIDENCE.

A physician was summoned to a very sick man, who was very much preoccupied with troubles of his own. On arriving at the bedside he said to the wife:

"Your husband is in the last throes. Every movement shows that the end is nearing." At this moment the sick man's head fell over the pillow, when the doctor said: "The end has come. Your husband is dead!"

In a shrill, thin voice the sick man said:

"Tain't so, Maria."

At once his wife laid her hand on his head and remarked:

"Don't disturb yourself, Rufus—the doctor knows best."—*Harper's Magazine*.

A MAN came into a drug store, his open hand on the third button of his vest, and said:

"What should I do? I've been drinking too much ice-water!"

The druggist, loath to prescribe, told him to go to a doctor.

"But," said the sufferer, "I can't take medicine. I'm a Christian Scientist!"

"Oh, in that case," replied the druggist, "go to a plumber!"—*Pharmaceutical Era*.

Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

Particularly Desirable after Dinner

YOUR FRIEND GOING TO CAMP KNOWS the value of Chiclets in his outfit.

Sold in 5¢, 10¢ and 25¢ packets
by Frank H. Neer & Co. Inc.
Philadelphia, U.S.A. and Toronto, Can.

THEY were at dinner, and the dainties were on the table.

"Will you take pie or pudding?" asked papa of Tommy.

"Pie!" said Tommy, promptly.

His father sighed as he recalled the many lessons on manners he had given the boy.

"Pie what?" he queried, kindly.

But Tommy's eyes were glued on the pastry.

"Pie what?" was asked, sharply this time.

"Pie first!" answered Tommy, triumphantly.—*Tit-Bits*.

"WHICH little boy can explain what became of Nineveh?" asked the teacher.

"It was destroyed!" was the prompt answer.

"Excellent! And what became of Tyre?"

"Guess it was punctured!"—*New York Herald*.

YACHTING COMFORTS

From the wide deep's placid bosom comes a breath of salt sea air. Under canopies on the decks yachting parties of merry-makers seek refreshment in the Julep, the High Ball or any mild form of stimulant.



HUNTER

BALTIMORE

RYE

will make the best because it is a pure whiskey

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

THAT'S ABOUT ALL.

"What, then," asked the professor, "is the exact difference between logic and sophistry?"

"Well," replied the bright student, "if you're engaged in a controversy, 'it's just the difference between your line of argument and the other fellow's.'"
—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

HARDLY had the proud father entered the sick-room to get his first glimpse of the new twins than both new borns set up a loud bawling. "Now, now," cautioned the father, holding up his hand, and glancing from one red face to the other, "one at a time; one at a time."—*The Argonaut*.




IT APPEALED TO HIM.

MISS COHENSTEIN.—I hear your father iss taking an indereed in t'eatens now. I t'ought he did n't care for shows.

MISS GOLDBAUM.—He did n't until lately. Then he readt in the paper aboutt a bargain matinee.

A tablespoonful of Abbott's Bitters in sweetened water after meals is a great aid to digestion. At Wine Merchants and Druggists.



JOHN JAMESON
★ ★ ★
WHISKEY
For Sale Everywhere
W. A. TAYLOR & CO.
SOLE AGENTS NEW YORK

DEVOUTLY TO BE HOPED.

"Here," said Dr. Price-Price, "just take these pellets. You've merely got a little fever, that's all. Five dollars, please."

"My!" exclaimed the transient patient, who had happened into his office by chance. "Excuse me, Doc, but I hope the fever ain't as high as the fee!"—*The Catholic Standard and Times.*

SAVED.

"Yes," said the returned hunter, "I had a narrow escape from a rhinoceros."

"And what saved you?"

"The fact that the rhinoceros could not climb a tree had something to do with it," responded the hunter, modestly.—*Public Ledger.*



STYLE NEATNESS COMFORT
THE IMPROVED
BOSTON GARTER
The Name is stamped on every loop—Be sure it's there
THE Velvet Grip
CUSHION BUTTON
CLASP
LIES FLAT TO THE LEG—NEVER SLIPS, TEARS, NOR UNFASTENS
Worn All Over The World
Sample pair, Silk 50c., Cotton 25c. Mailed on receipt of price.
GEORGE FROST CO.
Boston, Mass.
INSIST ON HAVING THE GENUINE
REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES



Shine on!
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish
Bar Keeper's Friend
It not only shines on it benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c. 1 lb. box. For sale by drug stores and dealers. Send 3c. stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 200 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.
He bolts a sandwich and some beans,
A piece of tortoise pie;
And gulps a cup of coffee down
While you can bat your eye.

Then, later on, there comes to him
A very potent question:
He wonders how it was that he
Contracted indigestion.


—*Coburn Giant Talk.*

UNDER CONSIDERATION.

"And is she engaged to the count?"
"Only tentatively. Nothing but an option has been paid yet."—*Public Ledger.*

"How many ribs have you, Johnny?" asked the teacher in physiology.

"I don't know, ma'am," giggled Johnny, squirming around on one foot. "I'm so ticklish I never could count 'em!"—*Philadelphia Record.*



Mito
THE EGYPTIAN CIGARETTE OF QUALITY
PLAIN OR CORK TIP



IN DARKEST AF.

PROUD NATIVE.—Come have drink!
On me! Wife have twins las' night.

FELLOW TRIBESMAN.—What you call 'em?

PROUD NATIVE.—Much good names:
Theodore and Kermit

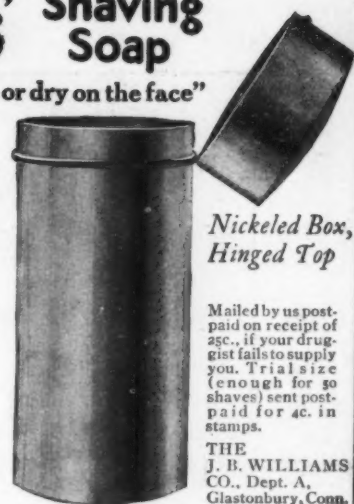
GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

Williams' Shaving Soap

"The only kind that won't smart or dry on the face"

The briefest way
to describe a perfect
Shaving Stick
is to say

"Williams'."



Mailed by us post-paid on receipt of 25c. if your druggist fails to supply you. Trial size (enough for 30 shaves) sent post-paid for 4c. in stamps.

THE
J. B. WILLIAMS
CO., Dept. A,
Glastonbury, Conn.

IN OUR BOARDING-HOUSE.

"Why do the Newlyweds talk so much about going to housekeeping? If they want to go, why don't they go?"

"It's a scheme to scare the landlady. Notice how they now get the best sections of the chicken!"—*Kansas City Journal.*

PUCK PROOFS

Photogravures from PUCK

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SO YOU'RE GOING HOME TO-MORROW.

By F. Frederick.

Photogravure in Sepia, 20 x 15 in.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR

Copyright 1907 by Kappeler & Schwermann

These are but
two examples of
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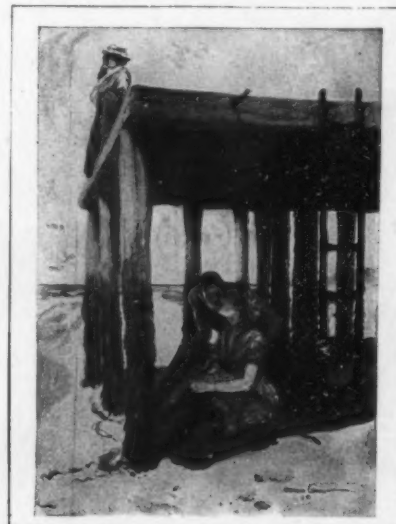
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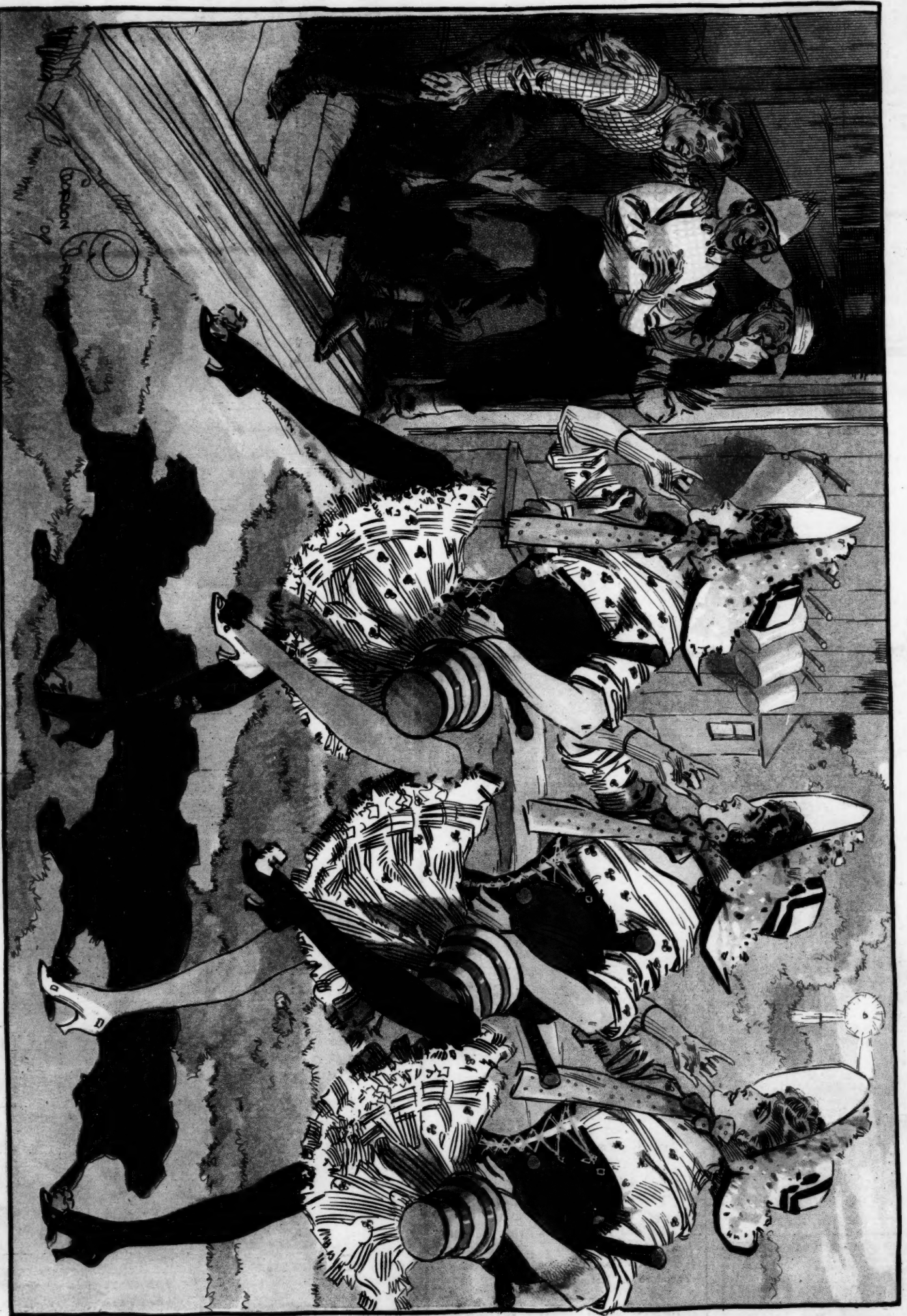
"I wish that young man would not take Ethel so far out."

By Gordon H. Grant.

Photogravure in Sepia, 22 x 15 in.

PRICE FIFTY CENTS.

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THE PUCK PRESS

HOW TO KEEP THE BOYS ON THE FARM.

SUPPLY THE OLD PLACE WITH A FEW COMIC-OPERA MILK-MAIDS.